The Proposal by BodhiDixon

Category: Stranger Things, 2016
Genre: Drama, Romance
Language: English
Characters: Billy H., Steve H.
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2018-01-31 02:51:20
Updated: 2018-02-25 07:17:09
Packaged: 2019-12-17 00:49:58
Rating: M
Chapters: 6
Words: 15,726
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Billy Hargrove, a high powered Chief Editor at 'King York Publishing', is facing deportation back to his native country, Canada. The only plausible solution is to marry his hapless Assistant, Steve Harrington, in a plot to stay in New York. Should be simple right? BASED ON THE 2009 FILM 'THE PROPOSAL'.

1. Chapter 1

The light streaming through his apartments drapes was the only thing that brings the cocooned form out of his slumber.

Steve stretches out, sighing in content before a cold dread of realisation slowly dawns on him.

He turns to look at the alarm clock with the red flashing numbers reading 12:00 just proving the point that he is well an truly fucked if he doesn't get out of bed right this second.

It's with that in mind that he mutters a mouthful of curses that would make his mother shove a bar of soap down his throat as he springs up from the bed, darting across the room into the bathroom to quickly brush his teeth and make his hair somewhat presentable.

Tugging his suit off the hanger in the closest, he makes fast work of pulling it on in record time.

Fastening his tie, he grabs his briefcase, rushing out the door.

'So late, so fucking late', is all that runs through his mind.

The thought of skipping the coffee shop races through his mind before he shakes those deadly thoughts from his head.

He knows that if he doesn't get the coffee he may as well dig his own grave instead of turning up to work empty-handed.

He makes a beeline across the street, almost getting splattered by angry New York drivers.

Throwing a few apologies over his shoulder, he ambles through the coffee shop doors just to stop in his tracks in panic when he sees how long the line is.

He releases a wounded animal sound and whimpers in defeat, receiving a few stares from other coffee shops patrons in return.

"Steve!"

His head whips up at his name being called, eyes landing on the friendly barista Sandy, waving at him to come to the front of the line.

He mutters a few apologies as he pushes through the throng of people in line until he reaches Sandy, who's holding two fresh cups of steaming coffee cups in her hands with a huge smile on her face.

"Sandy! You literally just saved my life...you have no idea" he breathes out in relief.

After thanking Sandy profusely, he sprints out of the coffee shop.

Wasting no time, he sets off in a life or death run to the office down the block.

Although he looks like a large maniac running down the streets of New York like a bull is chasing him.

The people were unrelenting in making way for him, causing him to push through people muttering half-hearted excuses and throwing sorry's over his shoulder until he finally reaches the entrance of the building.

The tall building was, even more intimidating today than it usually is with large gold letter hanging over the entrance, 'King York Publishing'.

The countries most prestigious publishing company. It is the publishing company that the world is speaking about and everyone fights tooth and nail to just get a job interview here, let alone be lucky enough to secure a position.

It's not the fact that he'd fought like a caged animal to earn the job of securing the title of an executive assistant to the head of publishing that has him shaking in dread.

No, it was something else entirely.

It was the fact that he works for the spawn of Satan himself.

Chief Editor, Billy Hargrove.

You see, Hargrove is the most cold-hearted, emotionally deprived man to ever walk this earth.

Well, at least that's Steve's opinion.

He slams into the Elevator as though he's a bull in a china shop, just in time before the doors slide shut.

"Everyone okay?" He asks, receiving a chorus of Yes' in reply.

"Me too" He breathes.

He takes the time to catch his breath and to calm his nerves.

The coffee in his is hands shaking with each tremor rushing through his body.

"It's one of those days" he mutters, noticing the sympathetic looks he's receiving.

When the elevator arrives at his floor, he shoves his way through the half-opened doors, weaving through the crowd of employees making their way around as he heads for Hargrove's office.

People make way for him as he hurries through the corridors because they know that it must be hell working for the Chief Editor.

No one really knows much about Chief Editor, Billy Hargrove.

Except for the fact that he was raised from the deepest depths of hell as a reincarnation of Satan himself, to make everyone who works at King York Publishing lives a living travesty.

There are only a few people who know minor details about Mr Hargrove's life, and those that do, know to keep their mouths sealed tightly shut.

Billy Hargrove is an incredibly talented Chief Editor, who graduated with a Masters Degree from University at the age of 25.

He immigrated from Canada to New York, shortly after graduating university with an editing and business degree under his belt.

Although Billy is a nightmare to work for, no one could deny that he is a talented and brilliant businessman. Who shot the company up the ranks until they were at the top of the publishing industry.

Now Steve himself couldn't compete with Billy Hargrove.

He was just a 23-year-old, Executive Assistant for a successful man.

Although if anything, all he feels like is a puppet for his boss to play with, by making him run around doing various errands like a chicken without a head.

He did not agree to this, not at all when he took the job.

"Steve! You're cutting it very close!" The receptionist, Barbara, hisses at him over the receiver of the phone.

He sighs, looking at her as he walks past.

"It's one of those morning's Barb...and thanks captain obvious," he says cheekily, before turning around crashing straight into the back of another employee pulling a filing trolley.

His hands instinctively tighten around the coffee cups upon impact, causing the cup to crush under the strength of his grip, sending the hot liquid all across his crisp white shirt, effectively rendering it ruined.

"Sweet Jesus!" He yells, looking down at himself, then at the man with fury and dread in his eyes once he realizes that the coffee that has gone everywhere, was, in fact, Billy's coffee.

All around him employees murmur in a mixed chorus of pity and amusement for Steve, who is now well and truly screwed.

Muttering a long string of curses that would have sent a nun to her grave, he throws the crushed coffee cop into the bin.

Taking extra care with the last coffee in his hands as though it was a delicate Artifact.

He changes course, quickly making his way over to his best friend

Nick.

"I need the shirt off your back literally!"

Nick looks up at him from the ball he's playing with.

"Your kidding right" he quips, looking Steve up and down taking in the flavor shirt.

Steve groans in pain.

"Patriots vs Seahawks, this Saturday, two company seats, for your shirt. You have exactly five seconds to decide...5...4...3...2...1".

Nick quickly accepts the offer and makes quick work with swapping their shirts, knowing fully well how hard it is for his best friend to give up Patriot tickets.

Just as he finishes the last button of his new shirt, he hears the telltale message tone of everyone's computers going off, that sends his blood running cold with dread.

The office gets sent into a flurry of motion once everyone has received the message.

It's here!

Wasting no time, he sprints into Hargrove's office, getting everything into order, before standing a few meters in front of Billy's desk with the coffee in his hands as though he was waiting to be executed.

By the time the elevators doors open and out steps Satan himself.

Everyone in the office looks as though they are working hard instead of mucking around like they were five minutes ago.

Billy was a breathtaking sight to behold.

At the age of 32, a young man with short blonde hair styled perfectly, cleanly shaved and ocean blue eyes that held an aura of power and authority.

Billy moves gracefully towards his office dressed in a perfectly tailored black Armani suit.

The eyes of his employees following his every step.

Steve won't lie.

In another life, he could see himself being good friends with Billy.

Maybe even something more, but alas that wasn't the case here.

It was simple, Billy Hargrove has no soul.

Billy's expensive dress shoes click on the floor and then he's stepping into his office, gaze falling upon his assistant with a bored stare, snatching his coffee without so much as a thank you.

"Harrington" He addresses.

Sitting down at his desk, he pulls out the latest manuscripts from his desk.

"Good Morning, Mr Hargrove" Steve replies, planting on a big smile as he grabs his phone to go over Billy's schedule for the day.

"I just want to remind you. You have a meeting at nine. I called Naomi and informed her that if she doesn't get her manuscript in on time, then you won't give her a release date"

He goes over a few more things his boss needs to do, before glancing at Billy.

"You're Immigration lawyer called, he requested that you meet him this morning for a meeting, he said it's regarding an urgent subject...sounds important".

Billy listens, only mild interested, flipping through the first few pages of one of the manuscripts, then tossing it to the side without a care in the world.

"Cancel the call, and push the meeting to tomorrow and put the lawyer on the sheets...oh and get ahold of PR and have them start a

press relief. Dane is doing Oprah and with that said we're going to pay Tommy a little visit" Billy commands.

Steve raises his eyebrows.

"Wow, nicely done" his voice conveying how impressed he is.

Billy swivels in his chair, looking at him pointedly.

"If I wanted your praise, I would have asked for it, Harrington" He snarks.

Steve bites back whatever he is about to say, which would have definitely put him in the shit house.

Instead, he asks Billy if he wants him to give Tommy a heads up that they were coming.

As an answer, all he gets is a deadpan look with more snark.

Billy grabs his coffee, about to take a sip when something catches his eye.

"Um...Harrington?" He asks clearing his throat, turning his chair to face his young assistant.

"Who is Sandy? And why does she want me to call her?" He inquires, looking expectantly at Steve with a devilish smirk that makes Steve want to throw holy water at Billy; skin tinting red with a blush.

He looks anywhere but at Billy for a whole five seconds, before biting the bullet and glancing at his boss.

"Well...that was originally my cup" he trails off, earning a raised eyebrow, his boss still smirking when he asks, "And I'm drinking your coffee why?"

He bites his lip, shuffling around for a moment.

"Because your coffee spilt...".

Billy blinks at him before taking a sip of the coffee.

His eyes zone in on Harrington's once the flavor hits his taste buds.

"And you drink unsweetened coconut milk cappuccinos with cinnamon, am I right".

It wasn't a question, rather a statement.

He looks Billy right in the eye from where he stands near the door, itching to bolt.

"Yes...I do, it's like Heaven in a cup" he tries to smile innocently, but it comes out more like a grimace which doesn't go unnoticed by his boss.

"And you happen to drink the same coffee as I do, every day, is it a coincidence?" Hargrove asks, already knowing the answer.

Steve looks around the room again, his cheeks flushing a dark shade of red, praying the ground will just open up and swallow him already.

He scratches the back of his neck, looking at Billy's smug face.

"Yes, that is a coincidence, isn't it. I mean I wouldn't drink the same drink as you do...just in case, yours spilt because that would be incredibly pathetic and stupid...right, yeah!" he splutters.

Billy stares at him for a full minute before finally tearing his gaze away after watching the 5'11 man try to shrink in on himself.

Satisfied, he stands up grabbing his coffee, putting on a fake smile.

"Mmm, it's pathetic really Harrington...Now we're heading up to Tommy's office to pay him a little visit. But remember Harrington, you're a prop in this visit. A fixture in the room at best. I don't want to hear a word uttered by you, understood? Great!" Billy smirks, clapping his hands together.

He stands from his desk, marching right past Steve and towards Tommy's office.

Steve follows closely behind, looking like he's just had his favorite

toy broken in front of him with a weak mumble of "Yes Sir, I understand".

2. Chapter 2

The chat with Tommy goes pretty much the exact way Steve was expecting it to go.

I mean how could it not when the man in question thinks the whole world revolves around himself.

What a douche.

Billy and Steve leave Tommy's office, followed closely by a raging idiot yelling profanities at the both of them.

He glances to his side to peer at Billy.

The man in question just purses his lips and sits down on the nearest table, sipping his coffee, facing Tommy with a raised, unimpressed eyebrow.

Steve follows his lead, sitting down on the desk nearest Billy, to watch the scene play out.

"You think I don't see what you're doing here? You're sandbagging me on this Oprah thing so precious Billy Hargrove can look good to the board! You know why!? Because you're threatened by the great me!" Tommy spits, looking around the office where everyone has stopped working to take in what's happening.

"And you're a monster! Not this saint you pretend to be!" Tommy exclaims, red in the face.

Steve's eyebrows raise, glancing around the room, observing the scene.

He turns to marvel at his boss who is inspecting his perfectly manicured fingernails with an amused smile before glancing at Tommy in boredom.

"Tommy, stop" Billy announces calmly, but Tommy takes that as his cue to start up again with his rant.

"Just because you have no semblance of a life outside of this office, you think that you can just treat us all like your own little personal slaves".

At this, Billy laughs quietly.

"Well, I'm a slave to no one! I'm not a little lap dog!" He spits out, pointing at Steve, who just scoffs at the remark.

"You know what? I actually feel sorry for you. Because you know what you're going to have on your deathbed? Nothing and no one, you're going to rot alone and no one is going to miss you!"

Steve chews his bottom lip, noticing Billy sit up straighter.

At this point, Billy has had enough of this little tirade.

Standing up he prowls closer to Tommy.

"Listen carefully, because I'm only going to say this once Tommy. I didn't fire you because I feel threatened. No, I fired you because you're lazy, entitled and incompetent in every way.

You spend more time cheating on your wife and watching porn in your office than you do work. And if you dare say another word, Steve here is going to have you thrown out. Okay" Billy sneers in disdain at the pathetic excuse in front of him.

Tommy appears like he's about to say something but is cut off by Billy.

"Another word out of your mouth and you're going out of here with an armed escort. Steve will film it with his phone and put it on the Internet website, what was it?" he turns, peering at a smirking Steve.

"YouTube, sir" he supplies with a cheeky grin.

"Exactly. Is that what you want? Yeah didn't think so. I have work to do", with that, he walks off with his head held high and a swagger in his step.

Billy stops, turning to Steve who has fallen into step beside him.

"Have security take his breakfront and put it my conference room" he orders.

"Will do" Steve nods, casting one last glance at Tommy's mortified face.

Once back inside his office, he turns to Steve with a hand on his hip with a stern warning.

"I need you this weekend to help with all the slack that erroneous sack of meat the dipshit left behind. No ifs or buts. Understood? Good" he smirks, sitting down at his desk, shuffling some papers around, while staring at his assistant.

Steve bites his lip.

Of all the weekends...Billy had to keep him back this weekend.

Just his luck.

"This weekend?" Steve inquires.

"Do we have a problem?" He prompts, watching the emotions flicker across his assistants face.

"No! Uh, It's just that it's my grandma's 90th birthday this weekend, so I was gonna go home..." Steve shakes his head, noting the blank stare of his boss.

"No. No problem. It's fine, I'll cancel. You're saving me from a weekend of misery, so it's...yeah good talk...yeah" he lies, trailing off, before making a quick exit from his boss' office.

He sits down at his desk rubbing his hand over his face in frustration.

He picks up his phone, scrolling through his contacts, clicking the contact "Mother".

He holds the phone to his ear, leaning back against his seat, dreading the conversation he's about to have.

The dial rings for a few more seconds before his mother's sweet voice

fills his ears.

That sweet, happy voice soon turns forlorn, when she hears that her only son can't make it home for the weekend.

"I know, I know" He nods.

"Tell Gammy that I'm sorry okay. You know works been really busy for me lately-" he's cut off by his mother arguing.

Sighing in frustration, he rubs his temple.

"Look, what do you want me to say? Mom, what do you want me to tell you, he's making me work the weekend. No, I can't get out of it. Mom!" He's exasperated at this point.

"No, mom, no. Listen I have worked too hard for this promotion to throw it all away, and I'm sorry okay! I'm sure that dad is pissed" in the corner of his eye, he notices Billy approaching and he quickly changes his tone.

"We take all our submissions around here very seriously, we'll get back to you as soon as possible with that information" he quickly puts the phone down shaking his head, letting out a put-upon sigh.

"Was that your family?" Billy quips.

Steve winces, then looks up at Billy innocently, "Yes".

"They tell you to quit?"

He nods, "Every single day" he agrees, reaching for the phone as it rings.

"Mr Hargrove's office" he voices into the phone, cutting off whatever Billy was about to say.

"Yeah, uh. Yeah okay" with that he hangs up, turning to face his boss once again "Eric and Marshall want to see you upstairs immediately".

Billy growls in frustration, putting his hands on his hips.

"Okay, come get me in ten minutes. I got a lot to do", and with that he taps Steve's cubicle, sauntering off.

Billy makes his way upstairs, walking past and ignoring the 'good morning' from Eric's receptionist.

He doesn't bother to knock, just walks right into the office where Eric is sitting at his desk.

"Eric, Marshall, good morning" he greets, shutting the door behind himself and walking toward the chairs.

"Good morning Billy. Congratulations on the Oprah task" Eric greets.

Billy nods. "Thank you, thank you. This isn't about my second raise is it?" He jokes, leaning against one of the chairs in front of the desk with a hand on his hip.

The two men laugh, before cutting to the chase.

"Billy, do you remember when we agreed that you wouldn't go to the Frankfurt book fair because you weren't allowed out of the country while your Visa application was being processed?" Eric recalls.

Nodding, "Yes I do" he agrees, not understanding what that has to do with anything, but listens as Eric continues.

"And you went to Frankfurt", it's not a question, rather a statement.

"Yes, I did. I thought that we were going to lose Delilo to Viking. So I didn't have a choice, did I" Billy states as though it was obvious, waving his hand carelessly through the air before settling it on his hip once more with a laugh.

"Well, it seems the United States Government, doesn't care much for publishers problems" Eric announces, glancing over the paper.

Marshall takes that as his cue to talk.

"We uh, just spoke to your immigration attorney" he declares.

Billy nods, "Great so, so we're all good? Everything good?" he asks

smiling, looking calm on the outside but feeling panicky inside.

"Look, Billy, your Visa application has been denied" Eric explains.

Billy's eyes widen in disbelief at what he's hearing.

"That. That uh" he chokes out.

"You are being deported" Eric states, reading the paper out loud.

"Deported!?" Billy echoes in shock.

"Well, apparently there was also some paperwork you didn't fill out on time" Eric notes, looking up at Billy, who looks at him in absurdly.

"Come on, Come on! It's not like I'm even an immigrant! I'm from Canada for Christ sake! There's gotta be something we can do" he laughs nervously.

"We can reapply, but unfortunately you have to leave the country for at least a year" Marshall cuts in, holding his hands up placatingly.

Billy's eyes widen comically, as he repeats what Marshall just said in his head.

A year!?

"Okay..." He nods.

"Okay, well that's, that's not ideal, but um, ah, ah, I can manage everything from Toronto with video conferences and the Internet. I can-" he's cut off from his rambling by Marshall.

"Unfortunately Billy, if you're deported, you can't work for a United States company" he reiterates, crossing his arms.

"Unfortunately until this is resolved, we're going to have to turn operations over to Tommy" Eric announces, much too Billy's disbelief.

"Tommy!? Tommy? As in the one, I just fired" Billy elaborates.

"We need an editor and chief, he's the only person in the building who has enough experience" Eric clarifies.

"You cannot be serious. I beg of you-" Billy starts, but is once again cut off.

"Billy, we are desperate to have you stay but it's out of our hands now and he's the only choice we have, as unfortunate as that is. If there was anything we could do, we would do it, anyway at all we could make this work we would do it in a heartbeat" Eric points out.

Whatever Billy is about to say next is cut off by a knock at the door. It opens revealing Steve Harrington standing in the doorway.

"Hi!" Steve announces.

Eric holds out his hand to pause whatever the young man is about to say.

"We're in a meeting here".

Steve nods but continues anyway.

"Yes sorry to interrupt, but um" he proceeds, but then Billy is talking over him angrily.

"What! But what!?" Billy snaps at him.

But he continues on, despite his bosses angry outbursts.

"Toni, from Aaron's office, called. He's on the line and he's on hold" he reports.

Billy nods, holding his hands together, "I know, I know".

"He wants to speak right away and I told him you were otherwise engaged. He insisted so, uh sorry" Steve apologizes.

Billy nods along, but he pauses when he hears the word 'Engaged'.

Suddenly an idea pops into his head that could be the end to this nuisance.

The only problem is how he's going to make it work.

Steve quickly grows worried, noticing the sudden way his boss is

looking at him, with a glint in his blue eyes, that he can't seem to read. But he has a feeling he doesn't want to find out.

It looks like he doesn't have a say in the matter when Billy looks back and forth between Eric and Marshall, then himself again.

Billy opens his mouth when he spots the look of confusion flitter across Steve's features.

"Uh..." he trails off looking at Steve and mouthing at him to come closer.

But the boy just continues to stare at him like a fish out of water.

"Come here!" He whispers, gesturing beside him.

Steve straightens up and slowly makes his way to his boss' side not understanding what the hell was going on.

Billy turns back to his bosses and claps his hands together.

"I uh. Gentleman. I understand the predicament that we are in and um" Billy turns to Steve, looking him up and down.

"And there's something I need to uh, well. I think there's something you need to know" he declares, huddling up next to his confused assistant who is standing there dumbly.

Billy takes a breath, then pulls Steve flush against his chest by the waist, leaning his chin on Steve's shoulder.

"We're getting married!" He reveals, squeezing Steve's waist harder than necessary, to get the man to go along with it.

Steve chokes on the air for a second, turning to Billy as his boss repeats that they are getting married.

"Um, who is, who is getting married" he mumbles quietly looking at his boss, who ignores him in favour of smiling at his own bosses.

"Yeah, Stevie and I are getting married! Yes" Billy interjects.

Steve nods stupidly.

"We are...getting married" he echoes quietly, agreeing with whatever Billy is saying as he stares at Eric and Marshall, in what could quite possibly be described as a clueless puppy.

The men in question are staring at the two of them in shock and apprehension.

Finally, Marshall speaks up, breaking the silence.

"Isn't he your secretary?".

Steve's mouth hangs open as he corrects the man.

"Assistant".

Billy nods, smiling.

"Executive, uh assistant. Secretary. Titles. But we wouldn't be the first time one of us fell for our secretaries, would we Marshall" Billy forces out a laugh.

The two men straighten up, glancing at each other before back at the couple in front of them as he mumbles "With María...remember?".

"So, yeah. The truth is, you know Steve and I were. We are just two people who weren't meant to fall in love, but we did" he lies.

"No" Steve tries to cut in, but Billy continues over the top of him anyway.

"You know, all those late nights at the office, weekend book fairs, you know" he shrugs, as Steve continues to mumble stupidly beside him.

"Something, you know something just happened!" he races on, louder now to cover Harrington's denial of what's happening.

He smiles warningly to Harrington, who has turned to look at him.

Noticing his boss' glare he quickly nods along with Billy.

"Something" he agrees, voice wavering.

Billy laughs as Eric smiles at him.

"I tried to fight it, but I just can't. You can't fight a, uh, a love like ours" he voices, slinging an arm awkwardly over Steve's shoulder, pulling him closer and planting a kiss smack bang on his cheek.

Steve holds back a flinch, continuing to smile numbly. Not fully understanding what the hell it is, that is happening.

Billy points between himself and Steve looking at his bosses, "Are we good with this, or? Are you happy? Because we definitely are, right babe" He trails off.

"Billy. It's terrific. Just make it legal" Eric announces, waving his ring finger towards the couple.

Billy agrees and says a few more things and then suddenly they are leaving Eric's office side by side.

As they make the walk back towards his office, the room is a flurry of whispers and message tones, as everyone stares at the two of them in shock.

Steve feels like he's experiencing an outer body experience, walking past all the cubicles following Hargrove.

Numbly, he looks around at everyone's expressions. Taking in the looks of pride, amusement, and even disappointment.

Feeling a bit claustrophobic, he tugs on his tie, loosening it enough to get air.

He makes his way past Nick and hears his friend laugh.

"What, him!? For real? Steve, I knew you were crazy but damn!" Nick laughs.

Once they make it into the office, Steve shuts the office door behind him then turns, walking anxiously to where Billy sits at his desk, studiously ignoring him as he goes through a bunch of manuscripts, occasionally clearing his throat.

By this point, it all feels like some big nightmare he's having.

He pinches his arm hard and hisses in pain, receiving an amused snort from his boss who then continues to ignore him again.

He stares at Billy for a total of two minutes like a deer in the headlights until Hargrove releases a long sigh. Putting the manuscript he was fiddling with down to look up his assistant.

"What?" Billy prompts, receiving a shrug in response and a tight-lipped smile.

"I don't understand what's happening" he breathes out, leaning on the chair for support.

"Relax, this is for you too" Billy retorts, pulling a pen out and going over his work.

"Do explain" he counters.

Not looking up from his work, "They would have made Tommy Chief" Billy explains like that clears up the situation.

"Okay and this means I have to marry you why?" he stresses the word 'Marry', trying to get proper answers as to what in the hell is going on.

"Look, what's the problem? Are you saving yourself for someone special?" his boss quips.

He nods exasperated. "I'd like to think so. Besides, it's illegal!" He hisses.

Billy scoffs in amusement "They will be looking at terrorists, not at book publishers"

Groaning at his boss' lack of taking this situation seriously, he begins to grow annoyed.

"Billy"

"Yes"

"I'm not going to marry you"

"Sure you are" Billy smirks, dropping his pen to cross his hands on the desk, looking up at Steve.

"Because if you don't marry me, you're dreams of touching the lives of millions over the world with the written word, are dead. Tommy is going to fire you the second I'm gone, guaranteed. That means you're on the street, looking for a job.

That means all the time we spent together, all the coffees, all the cancelled dates, and games are all for nothing. And all your dreams of becoming an editor are gone.

But don't worry. After the required amount of time, we'll get a quickie divorce and you'll be done with me. But until then you're stuck with me. So plaster on a big smile cause we're getting hitched, baby" Billy smiles like he's just won the lottery, dragging his tongue across his lips.

Steve is speechless and frozen on the spot.

The phone at his cubicle rings, breaking him out of his trance and Billy points to it.

"The phone, answer it".

3. Chapter 3

After work, the two of them leave together to make their way over to the immigration services downtown, so Billy can get everything sorted.

When they step inside, Billy immediately hates the place.

It's loud and filled with useless people.

He stands at what appears to be the end of the line.

Uh no.

This isn't going to work, there's no way he's going to stand here all day waiting in line.

Looking around he shakes his head, grabbing onto Steve's sleeve, tugging him to follow.

"This way" he throws over his shoulder, making his way through the throng of people ignoring Steve's complaints.

He hears 'next please' and sees a woman making her way to the front.

He makes his move and quickly jogs ahead.

"Excuse me" he grunts, pointing a finger at the woman so she stops walking.

Steve throws her an apologetic smile, mouthing 'sorry'. Proceeding to throw a glare at Billy's back, who has already made his way to the man at the front of the desk.

"I need you to file this fiancé visa, for me please" Billy smiles, shoving the paperwork at the man who huffs at his attitude.

He looks around the room in distaste.

"Mr Hargrove" at this he turns back to the man.

"Yes," he replies, smirking.

"Please, come with me" the man beckons them to follow.

The man leads them into an office room, where he tells them to take a seat and someone will be with them shortly.

Billy chooses to stand, but Steve gratefully takes a seat, feeling a bit light-headed from everything.

He was rattled with nerves and anxiety.

He glances over to Billy, who looks calm and composed as he fiddles on his phone in the corner of the room.

"I have a bad feeling about this" he breathes.

Before Billy can snark back at him, the door opens and the immigration officer makes his way in.

"Hi, I'm Mr Owens. And you must be Steve and you must be Billy" Owens greets.

Both Billy and Steve mumble a greeting back.

"Sorry about the wait, it's a crazy day today" Owens mimicks squeezing someone's neck.

"Uh of course. Of course, we understand. And I can't tell you how much we appreciate you seeing us on such short notice" Billy agrees.

Owens picks up the paper and quickly flicks through it.

"So I have one question for you. Are you both committing fraud to avoid his deportation so Billy can keep his position as editor and chief at King York Publishing" he challenges, crossing his hands over the desk.

Steve almost chokes on air as he shuffles in his seat uneasily.

"Um, what?" Billy laughs, as Steve mumbles "Ridiculous".

"Where did. Where did you hear that?" Billy asks, leaning forward.

"We had a phone call tip from a man called-" Owens starts.

"Would it be a call from a man called Tommy?" Billy inquires, to which Owens nods and repeats the name.

Steve laughs and Billy looks at him shaking his head, before turning back to the immigration officer.

"Tommy. Poor Tommy. Look I'm sorry, Tommy is nothing but a disgruntled former employee. And I apologize, but we know your incredibly busy with a room full of gardeners and delivery boys to attend to" Billy laughs, to which Steve grimaces at his poor use of words but Billy continues anyway.

"If you just give us our next step we will be out of your hair and on our way" he finishes.

Owens looks up at Billy and chuckles.

"Mr Hargrove, please" he gestures to the empty seat in front of him.

Billy looks at it before sitting down beside Steve.

"Let me explain to you, the process that's about to unfold. Step one, there will be a scheduled interview. I'll put you each in a room and I'll ask you every little question that a real couple with have no problem with answering.

Step two. I dig deeper. I look at your phone records, I talk to your neighbours. I interview your co-workers. If your answers don't match up at any point. You will be deported indefinitely" he voices pointing to Billy who nods somewhat sarcastically.

"And you young man" he now points to Steve, who was looking at Billy.

Steve swivels to look at Owens.

"You will have committed a felony, punishable by a fine of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and a stay of five years in federal prison" Owens smiles.

During the whole time Owens was talking, Steve was having an inner meltdown.

He had seen a woman be dragged out in handcuffs by the cops, told he could be fined two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and five years in prison. And all Billy gets is an indefinite deportation, if they get caught.

Yeah, what the hell is Steve getting himself into?

"So, Steve. You wanna talk to me?" Owens asks, gesturing between the two of them with a wink.

Steve smacks his lips together, shaking his head, staring at the man in front of him.

"No?" Owens insists, scrutinizing the young man before him who looks as though he would rather be anywhere else.

Continuing to shake his head 'No', Steve looks around the room, avoiding eye contact.

He starts to panic and then nods 'Yes'.

"Yes?" Owens smirks, dragging out the word, raising an eyebrow.

Billy looks at Steve and shakes his head, rolling his eyes at the man's antics.

Steve closes his eyes, steeling himself before looking Owens in the eye.

'I'm digging my own grave' he thinks before he opens his mouth.

"The truth is" he pauses, clearing his throat.

"Mr Owens. The truth is, Billy and I...are just two people who weren't supposed to fall in love" he declares, turning to look at Billy who's looking at him with a smile.

"But did" he finishes.

Billy feigns a happy smile, making sure his eyes water, as he looks to the immigration officer, nodding, feigning being touched by his fiancé's words.

Suddenly an idea pops into Steve's mind like a light switch.

He's shocked at himself for not thinking of this brilliant idea sooner when this debacle first started.

It's genius!

He leans over, putting his hand on Billy's thigh, feeling it tense under his palm as he rubs circles with his thumb.

"We couldn't tell anyone we work with, because of my big promotion that I have coming up" Steve admits looking at Billy.

He's getting a kick out of this now when he sees Billy pause his act and then look at him in confusion and shock.

"Promotion?" Owens asks.

Billy mumbles "Promotion?".

Steve turns to Owens.

"Yeah we, we both felt that it would be deeply inappropriate if I were to be promoted to Editor" he voices, waving his arm between the two of them before dropping it back on Billy's thigh.

"Editor" Billy nods, looking at Steve smiling, but inside he is picturing himself wrapping his hands around the boy's throat.

Steve nods innocently and proudly at Owens.

"So, have the two of you told your parents about your secret love?" Sam Owens asks the two of them.

"Um, that's impossible. Both my parents are dead. No brothers or sisters either. So" Billy chuckles, pulling a face.

Owens sucks his teeth before turning to Steve.

"So what. Are your parents dead?" he quizzes.

"No. No his are very much alive" Billy counters.

"No" Steve confirms. "Very much alive".

"Well, we are actually going to tell his parents this weekend. It's Gammy's ninetieth birthday" Billy raves on.

Steve casts him a glare.

How dare Billy bring his family into this bullshit scam.

"The whole family is coming together and we thought it would be a nice surprise" Billy informs Owens, who still looks skeptical about the whole situation.

"Okay, and where is this surprise going to take place?" Owens challenges, hoping to catch a slip-up.

Billy, however, is determined to make this work.

"At Steve's parents place actually" he smiles turning to Steve who notices that Billy doesn't know the answer to the location.

Owens leans over the desk looking at Billy.

"And where's that again?"

"Um, pfft. Why am I doing all the talking, it's your parent's house, come on, jump in" Billy laughs looking at Steve who is holding back a smile.

Steve smiles at Billy, trying not to laugh and turns to Owens.

"Alaska"

"Alaska" Billy echoes, albeit un-confidently.

'Alaska? What the hell!?' Billy thinks.

"You're going to go to Alaska this weekend?" Owens quips.

"Yeah" Steve and Billy nod.

"We are going to Alaska! That's uh, where my little Ste- my little Stevie's parents are" Billy crows, running his finger down Steve's face, then squeezing his shoulder.

Steve reaches up to grab Billy's hand but his boss quickly removes it before he can.

"Okay, I can see how this is going to go. I will see you both at eleven o'clock Monday morning for your scheduled interview. And your answers better match up on every account" Owens concludes.

He writes down the information on a sticky note, handing it to Steve who grabs it with a thank you.

Two minutes later, they are finally out of the immigration services building.

Steve finally feels like he can finally breathe without being scrutinized.

His moment of peace is cut short by Billy walking up next to him.

"Okay, so what's going to happen is we will go up there. Where ever that is, and pretend that we're boyfriends.

Then we will tell your parents we are engaged. Um, use the miles for the tickets and I guess I'll help you to fly first class. But make sure you use the miles. Cause if you don't then we're not doing it" Billy rambles on, adding to Steve's growing anger.

"And oh! please confirm the vegan meal. Because last time they actually gave it to a vegan, and they forced me to eat this clammy, warm creamy salad thing which was-HEY!" Billy calls, noticing that Steve is walking off without him.

"Why aren't you taking notes?" he gripes.

At this, Steve turns around, pissed off.

"I'm sorry. We're you not in that room?" Steve snaps.

"Why? Why what's" Billy trails off at the look he receives from Steve.

"Oh! oh! The thing you said about being promoted! Genius, genius! He completely fell for it!" he laughs.

"I was serious. I'm looking at a two hundred and fifty thousand dollar fine and five years imprisonment. That changes things" Steve rolls his eyes.

Billy chuckles sarcastically.

"Promote you to an editor? No way".

Steve scoffs, "Fine then I quit and you're screwed" turning and walking off.

"Steve! Steve!" Billy calls after him.

"Bye Billy. It really has been a small slice of heaven" Steve continues, ignoring the calls of his name until Bily says 'fine'.

He turns around to face Billy who looks miffed at the turn of events.

"Fine. I'll make you editor, fine. If you do the Minorca weekend and the immigration interview. I will make you an editor. Happy?" Billy voices, watching Steve stalk closer until he's in front of Billy.

"Not in two years. Right away" Steve adds.

"Fine"

But Steve's not done yet.

"And you will publish my manuscript".

Billy looks displeased at this but agrees.

"Fine, ten thousand copies first run".

"Twenty thousand copies first run!" Steve cuts in, "We'll tell my family about our engagement when I want and how I want".

Billy opens his mouth but Steve holds up his finger.

"Now ask me nicely" he smirks.

"Ask you nicely what?" Billy snaps.

Steve smiles "Ask me nicely to marry you, Billy".

Billy looks at Steve in contempt, "What does that mean?" he snipes.

"You heard me" looking pointedly at Billy, "on your knee" he replies, grinning like a smartass.

Billy opens his mouth before shutting it.

He observes his surroundings before huffing.

"Fine" he agrees, holding his hand out, which Steve grabs.

He lowers himself carefully onto his knees, taking extra care to not scuff his shoes on the concrete.

Looking up, he gestures between the two of them.

"Does this work for you?" he quips.

Steve glances down at him, "Uh, yeah. I like this".

"Good" he huffs.

"Uh will you marry me?" he rushes.

"No" Steve denies, "say it like you mean it"

He clears his throat, "Steve"

"Yes, dearest" Steve smiles sarcastically.

"Sweet, Steve. Moon of my life" he smirks.

"I'm listening"

"Would you please, with cherries on top marry me?" he asks.

Steve breathes in, pretending to think about it.

"Okay, I don't appreciate the sarcasm. But I'll do it. See you at the airport tomorrow" Steve grins and then saunters off, leaving Billy on his knees in the middle of New York alone.

Dick.

4. Chapter 4

Getting through airport security was easy, so they find themselves sitting beside each other on the plane to Alaska.

Steve's going over the questions and Billy's flicking through a magazine.

Steve scans the questions.

Most of them seem to be fairly basic but there's a fair few of which they will need to work on.

"So these are the questions Owens is going to ask us. Now the good news is, I know everything about you, but the bad news is you have four days to learn all this about me. So we should-" He is rudely interrupted by Billy snatching the folder out of his hands.

"Probably get studying" He mumbles, looking out the window.

Billy looks over the questions and is surprised.

"You know all the answers to these questions about me?" he asks incredulously.

"Scary isn't it" Steve replies.

"Hmm a little bit" Billy hums.

"Okay, so what am I allergic to?" he quizzes.

"Olives. And the full spectrum of human emotion" Steve retorts.

"Haha, that is so funny .ha" Billy fake laughs.

He perks up, clicking his tongue.

"Okay how about this one! Do I have any scars?"

"You have a scar on your lower hip. One across your collarbone and two on your ankle" Steve replies, throwing him a cocky smile.

Billy looks at Steve in wonder.

"How do you know all that?" he asks, but all he gets is a smirk.

"And you know, I'm pretty sure you have a tattoo" Steve adds.

"Oh your pretty sure huh?" Billy smiles.

Steve nods.

"I'm pretty sure. Two years ago your dermatologist called and asked about a Q switch laser. I, of course, googled a Q switch laser and found out that they do in fact remove tattoos"

Billy hums in agreement.

"But you cancelled your appointment. So what is it? tribal ink? lady beetle? portrait of yourself?" Steve taunts.

"You know, it's exciting for me to experience you like this" Billy fake smiles.

"Thank you" Steve grins.

"You're going to have to tell me where it is though"

"No, I don't"

"They're going to ask-"

"I'm done with that question" Billy cuts in.

"Okay here's another question" he adds.

"Whose place do we stay at? Yours or mine. That's easy obviously mine" he reads aloud.

"And why wouldn't we stay at mine?" Steve grumbles.

"Um, that's easy because I live in Central Park West and you probably live in some squabble little studio apartment with a crazy cat lady next door" he huffs.

Steve looks at him with jaded eyes, turning away to shut him out.

A few minutes later, the pilot announces they will be landing shortly at Juneau.

Billy puts down the folder and leans over Steve to look out the window "I thought we were going to Sitka" he surmises.

Steve scoffs, shoving Billy back into his seat so he can put his seatbelt on.

"We are".

"Then why are we here? How are we getting to Sitka?" Billy questions.

This was not what Billy had in mind when they landed at Juneau for a layover.

The new plane felt like it was about to go down any minute and he fucking hated it.

Looking over at Steve, he grunted in annoyance because Steve looked unbothered as he read his magazine, by the constant turbulence.

It wasn't long until the plane landed at the airport in Sitka.

Steve glances out the window and sees his Mother and Gammy jumping up and down waving a sign around with his name plastered on it.

He leans back in his chair sighing, looking Billy up and down.

"Right, here we go".

The two of them get up and gather their stuff before Steve walks down the plane steps first and is instantly bombarded with the screams of his name.

Despite the size of them, they certainly had a pair of lungs between the two of them.

He smiles and waves as he makes his way down the steps.

Billy steps out of the plane after him and carefully makes his way down the steep steps, shrugging off the help from one of the workers.

He looks around skeptically.

He hated it.

Steve walks right into the open arms of his mother and gammy and accepts their hugs and kisses as he greets them.

Just because the situation he'd found himself in was horrible, did not mean that he wasn't damn glad to see his family again.

Pulling back, he glances around before looking at his mother.

"Where's dad?"

"Oh you know your father, he's always working" Cindy chuckles, cursing John's stubbornness in her head while trying to make her son fill better about his father's absence.

"Never mind him! Where's your boy!?" His Gammy asks excitedly looking around.

"Uhhh" he hums, turning around to look for Billy.

"Ah! Right there" he points to where Billy is making his way over, with a grimace on his face.

"There he is" he smirks

"I guess, the word 'boy' is inappropriate" his Gammy mumbles with a tight smile.

"Hi" Cindy Harrington greets Billy with open arms and a smile as soon as he's close enough.

"Billy, this is my mom" Steve introduces, then grimaces as he watches Billy go for a handshake instead of a hug.

"Yeah, great. This uh my Gammy, Maribelle".

Billy shakes her hand.

"Pleasure" he forces a smile.

Steve wraps his arms around his mother and Gammy, pulling them under his arms, basking in how uncomfortable and out of place Billy looks.

"Well hello there. Now, do you prefer being called Billy, or Satan reincarnated?" Maribelle asks.

Steve's eyes widen, and he pulls his Gammy back, giving her a look, while his mother smiles uncomfortably

"We've heard it both ways" his Gammy laughs. "Actually we've heard it lots of ways!".

Billy smiles, raising his eyebrows cynically, as he looks between Steve and Maribelle.

"She's kidding" Cindy laughs.

Pushing it aside until he gets Steve alone, he chooses to chuckle instead "Oh! Oh okay".

"Well thank you so much, for allowing me to be apart of this weekend" He smiles.

"Oh, you're welcome! We're thrilled to have you. Now Vamos! Let's get you to back to the fort" his Gammy announces, gesturing for Billy to follow.

"Okay," He grins and then drops it as soon as Steve's mother and Gammy aren't looking.

He shoots Steve a glare, who meets it with his own.

Steve wraps his arms around his family and starts walking off.

Chatting amicably with them about nothing and everything leaving Billy to trail behind them.

They all amble into the truck. Steve's mother and Gammy up front and the two of them in the back.

The drive itself is relatively quiet, as everyone enjoys the view.

That is until they hit the town.

Billy's looking out the window when suddenly he pauses.

He's suddenly paying a lot more attention to his surroundings, as almost every business they drive past has the name 'Harrington', on it.

Billy tugs his glasses down his nose, observing every shop they drive past and yep, 90% definitely all have 'Harrington' on them.

He glances down at the black leather bag Steve is holding on his lap.

And there it is, as bright as the day. 'S. Harrington' printed on the leather name tag.

He lifts his head looking at Steve in disbelief.

"Steve" he whispers, but Steve continues to look out the window.

It takes a few more times until he finally gives up and punches Steve's arm and yep that works.

Steve cries out in surprise, "Please" he breaths looking at Billy in contempt.

Billy glares at him pointedly with raised eyebrows, "You didn't tell me about all the family businesses, honey".

Steve just stares smugly at Billy, until his Gammy talks.

"He was probably just being modest, dear" she smiles.

"Oh," he nods, fake smiling.

Twenty minutes later they pull up next to a harbour filled with boats.

He frowns as he steps out of the car shutting the door behind him

harder than necessary.

"What, what are we doing, shouldn't we check into our hotel room right now?" He asks Steve, who's starting to pull his luggage out of the truck.

He swivels around when he hears Cindy call out to them.

"Oh, we cancelled your reservation. Family doesn't stay at a hotel, you're going to stay in our home" she smiles

He is ready to punch something but instead, he smiles at Steve's mother.

"Oh great! Great".

"What!?" He hisses quietly, turning to Steve, who is in the process of pulling Billy's belongings out of the truck.

Steve then proceeds to drop them carelessly on the ground as if they aren't expensive Louis Vuitton bags.

"Oh god, you're gonna want to use your legs for that one" he breathes out, dropping the last suitcase on the floor in front of Billy.

Steve walks over to his Grandmother and mother with his own luggage in hand, leaving Billy to fend for himself.

"Steve!" His Gammy calls, "help him with those!".

"I'd love too, but he won't let me do anything. He insists on doing it all himself, you know? Thinks it's important to never rely too hard on someone" Steve smiles, watching Billy who is struggling to pick up all his luggage.

When Billy finally has his luggage sorted he storms his way over to where the others are already walking off, except for Steve who waits for a second to call out, "Vamos, sweetie", just to be a smartass.

Once they are out of earshot of Billy.

Maribella turns to her daughter whispering, "Did you see the shoes he

was wearing?".

Cindy nods.

Leather dress shoes aren't exactly the best decision.

Billy growls, glaring daggers at Steve's back, as his bag once again gets caught in the gravel.

He huffs out in frustration when he looks down the ladder to where a boat awaits.

He can see that Maribella is already relaxing in the back of the boat awaiting the couple as Cindy loads the boat with their luggage.

Steve snatches Billy's luggage and starts carelessly throwing it down onto the pier next to his mother.

"That's the last one" he calls, throwing down Billy's last bag which happens to 'coincidentally' bounce into the water.

"Whoops! The five-second rule" he chuckles as Billy freaks out behind him watching his mother pull the bag out.

"Got it! Got it" she calls out, putting it in the boat.

"It'll dry off" he smirks, starting to climb down the ladder.

He pauses and looks up when he hears Billy signalling him.

"I'm not getting in that boat!" Billy points.

"You don't have too. See you in a few days" he replies, continuing to climb down. Stopping when Billy signals him again.

"You know I can't swim!" Billy urges.

"Hence the boat!" he counters back.

Billy looks to the sky, wishing he was anywhere but here.

He peers over the ladder watching Steve jump onto the peer expertly and clenches his teeth in apprehension.

"Come on" Steve calls spreading his arms out to Billy who breathes out before slowly lowering himself onto the ladder.

"Come on, here we go" Steve grins watching Billy's descent.

"Looking good boss! Taking your time though. Are we going to be here for a few years, waiting for you to make it to the bottom?" he smirks.

"Shh!" Billy hisses, trying to focus on each step his descent.

Maribella leans back, glancing at Cindy.

"He comes with a lot of baggage" she jokes, watching the scene happening in front of them.

"I'm just going to give you a little hand here" Steve smirks, grabbing Billy's ass.

And huh, not bad.

Not bad at all.

Billy pauses, glaring at the ladder.

"Hand. Off. Ass" he snaps, "Off Ass".

Steve pulls his hand back and then he starts to climb again.

What feels like an eternity later they are in the boat on the water, making their way to god knows where.

He sits safely wrapped in a life vest, watching the scenery speed by as Steve is up front driving the boat, leaving him alone.

They have been on the water for fifteen minutes when he is once again left surprised as an island comes into view.

And well it's not at all what he was expecting.

The island is extremely large from what he can see.

It has a beach but the rest of the island is covered in grass and trees.

And is that a lighthouse and a barn and horses he can see!? And in the middle of the island sits an obnoxiously large ranch style house or better yet a mansion.

"Boo yeah, we're home" Cindy announces.

"That's your home" he replies in shock.

Steve turns around, looking at Billy who looks at him through his sunglasses.

"Who are you, people?" Billy asks, glancing around the boat.

He looks over his shoulder and spots Maribella grinning at him, but he doesn't see her roll her eyes at him when he turns away.

Steve pulls the boat up at the jetty and they disband off the boat.

Cindy and Maribella have already started walking off so Billy takes that as his chance to grab Steve's arm.

"Why did you tell me you were poor?" he hisses.

Steve glances at Billy, "I never said I was poor".

"You never told me you are rich" he counters back.

"I'm not rich, my parents are rich" Steve replies walking behind Billy.

Billy looks over his shoulder and gives Steve a look.

"You know that's only a thing rich people say".

Steve chuckles and then looks up when he hears his name being called in the distance.

And that's when he notices that there are a lot more people here then there should be.

"Hi" he calls back waving, before glaring at his mother.

"Uh, mom! What, what is this!?" He gestures angrily.

Cindy turns around and smiles at her son, "Nothing. It's just a little welcoming party, is that a crime".

"Just a few of our closest friends and neighbours, Steve. And they are all excited to meet you" she smiles at Billy, "Come on!".

"Oh good, good" Billy Breathes.

No.

Not good at all.

He locks eyes with Steve.

"A party!?".

Steve shrugs irritably, "Yeah, I guess so. Now come on, let's go. My grandma is moving faster than you" he gestures for Billy to walk.

Bily stands there for a second, then growls tugging his suitcase harder ignoring Steve's snarky comments.

If the house from outside was shocking then the inside is a whole other level, with it's shining hardwood floors and all of the above, that you'd expect to find in a multi-million dollar home.

The only problem is, it's full of people he has no clue about.

And he doesn't like being put on the spot or not being in control of his surroundings.

After they have put their luggage away they make their way through the house, exchanging pleasantries with people Steve barely even knows himself.

All the while, Billy hurries to keep up with him not wanting to be left alone, lest someone tries to make a conversation.

He sidles up to Steve when they finally get a second to themselves.

"Why didn't you tell you were some sort of Alaskan Kennedy huh?" he quips.

Peering over his shoulder, "How could I. We were in the middle of talking about you for the last three years" Steve snorts.

Billy grabs Steve's jacket tugging him closer to stop him from walking away from him.

"Look timeout okay. This bicker and bickerson's thing needs to stop okay. We need people to think we're in love okay? So let's just" He voices, gesturing with his hands.

"Okay fine, that's no problem I can do that" Steve agrees.

"Good" he nods.

"I can pretend to be the doting fiancé, that's easy. For you, it's going to require that you stop snacking on children while they dream" Steve continues, much to Billy's growing annoyance.

"Very funny, very funny. Okay so when are you going to tell them we're engaged?" Billy inquires, putting his hands on hips.

"I'll pick the right moment" Steve declares, before being cut off.

"STEVE!" At the sound of the loud shout, he turns around and gets an armful of teenagers.

He laughs and throws himself into the group hug with all his heart, squeezing the kids tightly.

Grinning, he pulls back to get a better look at them all.

"Holy, have you guys grown or what!" He croons, looking at Dustin, Mike, Lucas, Max, Will and Jane.

"Us? Look at you grandpa!" Dustin laughs, smacking him on the shoulder.

"Haha. Very funny Dusty" he deadpans before breaking out into a fond smile.

"Ahem," Billy coughs, nudging Steve with his elbow while looking at all the unfamiliar faces.

Steve's eyes widen, glancing at the kids and Billy.

"Right! Sorry, my bad. Billy these are my little shitheads, Dustin, Mike, Will, Lucas, Max and Jane" he gestures to each teenager who eyes him suspiciously.

"Kids. This is Billy, Billy Hargrove" he introduces.

Billy nods, regarding them with a curious once over.

"Hi" he waves.

"Anyway. How are you all?" Steve interjects.

He listens with his full attention as the kids fill him in on what he's missed since he left.

Soon they all filter away to talk to the other guests except for Dustin who lingers behind.

"I missed you, Steve. It's weird not having you around anymore man. It's been four years since I last saw you" Dustin murmurs, dejectedly.

"Hey, none of that now" Steve mutters, pulling Dustin into a big hug.

Billy glances at his fingernails uncomfortably, then around the room. This is weird and all he wants to do is get a drink. Or maybe ten.

After a little while, the curly haired kid leaves, much to Billy's relief until it's just Steve and him.

"Who was that kid?" Billy indicates, with a flick of his finger at the teens retreating back.

Steve runs a hand through his hair, "That's Dustin Henderson. I used to babysit him and the other rugrats during high school. I don't have any siblings and neither does he. So I guess I took him and the others under my wing. Got pretty close with Dustin. He's like my little brother. So place nice Billy, and that's a warning".

"Whatever Steve. I was curious, that's all" Billy huffs in agitation.

Before Steve can reply he's interrupted by someone calling out to him.

"Steve! Hi"

Steve glances over and sees Mrs Byers and her husband Hopper smiling at them.

He makes his way over along with Billy.

He brings Joyce into a hug and accepts the handshake Hopper offers as he greets them.

"This is Billy" Steve announces, gesturing to Billy who shakes hands with them, exchanging pleasantries.

"So I always wanted to know what a book editor does?" she questions both Billy and Steve.

Before either of them has the chance to answer they are beaten to the punch by none other than Steve's father.

"That's a great question!" John Harrington, counters, sauntering over with his drink, "I'm curious to know the answer myself".

Steve eyes his father.

"Hello dad" he greets quietly.

"Steven" John nods, shaking his son's hand before turning to the man standing beside his son.

"You must be Billy! A pleasure to meet you. I'm John, Steve's father", he smiles, shaking Billy's hand.

"Pleasures mine, Sir" Billy smiles back.

"So why don't you tell us exactly what a book editor does. I mean besides, taking writers out to lunch and getting bombed" John chuckles.

Steve isn't surprised by his father's antics, but it hurts, all the same, to

hear him joke about and disregard his dream career so blatantly.

He bites his lip and looks down, while the others take it as a joke.

But Steve knows that it was anything but.

It was meant as a personal blow to Steve.

And it landed.

"It sounds like fun! No wonder you like being an editor!" Joyce points out.

"No. No Joyce. See Steven's not an editor. He's an editors assistant!" John mocks, slapping his son on the back roughly.

Billy feels the tension brewing between father and son. He turns to Steve and observes his face when John talks about his work, and yeah the animosity is bright as day.

"Billy here is the editor" John informs his guests, taking a sip of his scotch ignoring his sons growing temper.

The boy always was hot-headed and careless.

Hopper chuckles, pointing between the two, "So you're actually Steve's boss huh?".

Steve nods clenching his fists, looking between Hopper and his father. Billy grimacing beside him.

His father leaves after announcing he was going to get a refill, leaving Steve standing there, regretting coming home at all.

Billy drops his fake smile when John leaves.

"Charming" he mutters flatly, glancing at Steve, who looks upset.

Steve ignores Billy, instead, he just walks off, heading for his father.

Billy raises his eyebrows but lets' Steve go.

Instead, Billy turns back to Joyce and Hopper.

"Hell of an impression dad!" Steve barks at his father, who turns around.

"What the hell Steven, you show up here after all this time with this man you hated and now he's your boyfriend!".

"We just got here! You couldn't wait two seconds before we throw the kitchen sink at each other huh?" Steve snarls.

"I just never figured you for a guy who slums his way to the middle. You could have had everything yet you toss it away to be someone's lap dog. I invested a lot into you and you threw it all away" John mutters.

Getting fed up, Steve bites back.

"Actually I'll have you know that man in there, is one of the most respected editors in the country" he defends.

"He's your meal ticket and you brought him home to meet your mother" John goads.

Steve's hands are shaking. His breathing growing heavier.

"Nah. Nah" he mumbles darkly.

"He's not my meal ticket dad, he's my fiancé" he states, looking at his father with hatred.

John pauses, then looks at his son.

"What did you say?" He asks in disbelief.

He had to be hearing things.

His son didn't just say what he thinks he did.

"You heard me, I'm getting married" and with that, Steve shoulders past his father.

5. Chapter 5

Billy finally has a moment of peace once Joyce and Hopper, finally leave him alone to find their family.

He sighs contently but yet again his moment of peace is ruined by a waiter.

"Hi, how are you?" The man smiles.

"Good, good thank you" he nods, attempting to walk past the man who blocks the exit.

"Would you care for some hors-d'oeuvres?" he gestures to the platter.

He claps his hands together, "No. I'm fine, thank you".

"It's a tradition" the Waiter insists.

He glances at the platter and immediately takes a step back putting his hands between the man and himself.

"Definitely not, thank you. I'm allergic to olives" he explains, eyeing the platter warily.

The man pulls the platter away from Billy like he's been burned, "Oh goodness! I am so sorry!" He apologizes.

"It's fine" Billy grimaces.

He looks up when he hears Steve.

"Ladies and Gentleman! I have a very important announcement to make. Billy and I are getting married!" Steve announces, clapping his hands together.

From the room over Billy chokes on his spit.

The room is instantly full of gasps and mutters as Steve stands in the middle of the room.

"Yep! Honey? where are you at?" he calls out, with a tight-lipped smile.

Billy peeks out from behind the wall, glancing around the room and then at Steve.

"Here it is" Steve grins, raising his eyebrows at a confused Billy.

"Come on down here, Baby!" he beckons Billy towards him, ignoring the murmuring of the guests.

"Ok," Billy mumbles, walking over, planting a smile on his face for the show.

"Oh, Look at him. Look at him, ain't he just something!" Steve catcalls as the room claps.

Billy makes his way through everyone, smiling at them.

"Right there, ladies and gentleman. There he is" Steve points at Billy, smiling over his shoulder at everyone.

He beams, as he accepts all the congratulations.

Once Billy is close enough, he grabs both of Billy's hands, holding them in his own, pulling them closer together.

Once they have thanked everyone for the congratulations, someone pops the champagne bottle.

Billy looks at Steve with raised eyebrows.

"So that was your idea of the perfect time to tell them we're engaged?" he huffs, holding a chute of champagne.

Steve hums nodding.

"Cause it was brilliant. Brilliant timing. Couldn't have picked a better time to announce it myself" Billy continues sarcastically.

Just as Steve was about to retort, he hears a voice he hasn't heard in forever.

"Steve. Hi"

Steve glances up in shock, coming face to face with a smiling Nancy Wheeler.

"Nanc? Oh, my god. Hey, hi. Wow. I, Wow" he mumbles in shock, bringing Nancy into a hug who happily accepts it, wrapping her own arms around Steve.

Billy watches on with a scowl, not appreciating the fact Steve is now ignoring him in favour of this, well whoever this was.

"How are you doing? I didn't know you were going to be here" Steve mutters.

Nancy smiles at Steve, "Well um. Your mom probably wanted it to be a surprise. So...Surprise!" she laughs.

"So. Are you here with Jonathan?" Steve asks.

Nancy shuffles, before nodding.

"He's around here somewhere. Probably with Will" she gazes around the room, looking for her boyfriend.

"Right. Uh, awesome" he laughs, forcing a smile uncomfortably.

Nancy peers to his side and observes the man who's watching them.

"And. We're being completely rude. Hi" Nancy smiles at Billy.

Just now remembering that Billy was in fact here, as his fiance of all things, Steve's eyes widen.

"Oh, God. This is my Ex..." Steve trails off, gesturing to Nancy who smiles at Billy.

Hi. I'm Nancy. Nancy Wheeler" she chuckles, holding out her hand which Billy grasps in a handshake.

"Oh! Oh, wow. Wow!" Billy blurts, looking between both Steve and Nancy.

"You can call me Nanc" she smiles.

She eyes them both, "Well, congratulations, you guys".

"Thank you," Steve and Billy say simultaneously.

"So, did I miss the big story?" She beams, observing the couple.

Steve and Billy glance at her confused.

"What Story?"

"What Story?"

"About how you proposed, Silly!" she smirks at Steve.

Maribella speaks up from where she was eavesdropping with Cindy.

"Oh! How a man proposes, says a lot about his character" she points out.

Steve looks at his grandmother and nods, Billy copying him.

"I would actually really love to hear the story, Steve. Would you tell us?" Cindy pry's, smiling happily up at her son.

Everyone starts chanting at them to tell the story.

Steve stands to the side, holding Billy's shoulders.

"You know what. Actually, Billy loves telling this story, and he tells it so well" he announces, taking a seat on the arm of the couch, giving his full attention to Billy.

Billy shoots a glare at Steve before plastering on a bright smile.

"Huh! Wow. Ok" he smiles at Steve.

"Wow. Where to begin?...this story is um. Well" he hums, looking at all the expectant faces around the room.

"Okay, well. Steve and I...Steve and I, we're about to celebrate our first anniversary together" he begins, earning coos from the crowd.

"And I knew that Stevie had been itching to ask me to marry him for a while now. And he was scared, like a little tiny baby bird about to leave its nest for the first time" he coos.

"So I started leaving him these little hints here and there because I knew he wouldn't have the guts to ask, but" he reveals.

Steve cuts in "Uh. That's not exactly how it happened, Billy".

Billy smiles at him with a glint in his eyes, "No? hmm".

"No. No. I mean, I picked up on all every single one of his little hints. I mean this man is about as subtle as a gun, honestly" Steve jokes, causing laughs to fill the room.

"What I was actually worried about, was that he might find this little box" Steve starts but Billy jumps in.

"Oh! The little decoupage box that he made, so cute" he coos, earning a dumbfounded stare from Steve, but he continues anyway.

This is going be so good.

"Stevie had taken the time to cut out all these tiny, little pictures of himself. Yes. Just pasted them all over this little box. Oh! It was so adorable. So I opened that cute, little box. And out fluttered these, tiny little hand-cut heart confetti. And once they cleared, I looked down, and I saw the most gorgeous, big" he ramps up the crowd, only to be cut off by Steve again.

"Big, fat nada" Steve concludes, "No ring. Nothing".

Everyone looks at him confused.

"No ring" his Gammy mumbles.

"What?" Cindy questions, staring at her son.

"No ring. But inside that box. Underneath all that crap, there was a handwritten note, with the address of a hotel, date and time. Real Humphrey, Bogart-type stuff" Steve weaves the story earning a cheer.

Steve nods "Masculine".

"Anyway, naturally, Billy thought-"

"I thought he was seeing someone else" Billy comments, earning gasps.

"Yeah. It was a terrible time for me, I went through a lot of emotions that night" he nods pretending to be down, before perking up with a renewed determination.

"But! I went to that hotel anyway. I went there, and I pounded on that door like no tomorrow. But the door was already unlocked. And I swung open that door with a bang, preparing myself for the absolute worst. There he was-"

"Standing" Steve supplies.

"Kneeling"

"Like a man" Steve urges.

"On a bed of red and white rose petals, in a tuxedo. Your son. Your son. And he was choking back these soft, soft sobs that almost broke my heart like it was heart-wrenchingly beautiful. And when he held back the tears, and finally caught his breath he said to me"

"Billy Hargrove. Will you marry me" Steve intervenes, "And he said 'Yep', The End. Who's hungry?" he asks, looking at everyone who was too busy cooing at the story.

"That is quite a story" Cindy smiles, shocked.

"Oh, Steve! You are so sensitive!" his Gammy beams up at him.

"I'm masculine, okay" Steve grimaces, standing up trying to escape as his mom teases him.

"Hey! Let's see a kiss from you two lovebirds, aye Steve!" Mike calls out, arm wrapped around his girlfriend, Jane.

"Give him a kiss!" Dustin hoots.

"No, come on" Steve forces a chuckle as Billy stands there uncomfortably.

They all ignore Steve, clinking their glasses, chanting for a kiss.

Nancy forces a smile and looks down at her hands.

Steve grabs Billy's hand.

"Ok. All right. Here we go, ready?" he asks, then plants a kiss on Billy's hand, raising their conjoined hands in the air.

"What was that! Kiss him on the mouth like you mean it, Steve! Come on man!" Dustin hollers.

He glares at his friend with a glare, earning a goofy grin back.

"Kiss him!" They all chant.

He looks at Billy who is forcing a smile and chuckling.

"Ok! Alright!" he gives in, clapping his hands together.

He leans in and so does Billy, but they are both uncomfortable with this situation.

Their lips collide, and it's awkward as fuck for the both of them.

It only lasts a second before they pull back, forcing big smiles onto their faces.

"Steve! Give him a real kiss!" his grandmother orders.

Billy laughs tightly, "Gammy".

The crowd starts up again and Billy turns to Steve.

"Why don't we just do it? Just a fast one, get it over and done with, a three seconds tops, yeah" Billy mumbles with his mouth closed.

"Yeah, Okay" Steve agrees.

This time when their lips meet, it lasts a lot longer than the first and

a lot longer than the agreed three seconds.

Billy and Steve's eyes meet before closing.

Suddenly something feels different. A feeling neither had ever felt before washes over them.

They quickly part, staring at each other in shock and confusion as everyone claps around them.

Billy bites his lips, humming while his mind is racing.

Before he's dragged into a big group hug by Maribella.

6. Chapter 6

"So here we are" Cindy announces, opening the bedroom door for them to file in the room.

"This is your bedroom" she smiles, gesturing around the large room.

Billy's eyes widen, "Wow. Wow, this is, um, this is really nice. And that view. Huh" He voices, walking further into the room with Steve.

"And here's the bed!" Maribella exclaims, gesturing to the king sized bed in the middle of the room.

Billy turns and steps back "Wow. Exquisite bed. Gorgeous! So uh, Where is um, where's Steve's room?" he asks.

"Oh, honey. We're not under any illusions that you two don't sleep in the same bed" Cindy laughs, "So he will sleep in here".

"Oh great! We uh, we love to cuddle and all that cute stuff! Don't we honey" he fake laughs, but is internally screaming as he glances at Steve who has walked to stand next to him.

"Huge snugglers!" Steve utters.

Billy almost has a heart attack when something charges at him from the door, slamming into his legs.

"Oh, my god! What is that?" Billy jumps into Steve trying to get away from the barking demon that is jumping on him.

Steve chuckles, leaning down to pick up the little Pomeranian.

"Aren't you just the cutest! Who's this? Oh yes, you are!" he coos.

"Icaro!" His mother chastises.

Billy steps a behind Steve as the dog blinks at him with its little beady demon eyes from Steve's arms.

Cindy smiles, ruffling Icaro's ears, "He was a gift from your father,

and he's still in training. So I apologize for that".

"Just be sure you don't let him outside, what with all these large eagles flying around. They'll snatch him right up and gobble him down!" Maribelle points out.

Billy watches with disgust as Steve lets the dog lick his face while cooing at it with a baby voice.

Gross and unsanitary, for starters.

"There's some extra towels and blankets in the cupboard just there if you need them but if you need anything else you can always just holler and we'll sort it out for you" Cindy smiles, opening the cupboard to show them.

Steve pushes the dog in Billy's direction who jumps back, holding his hands up with a scrunched up face.

"If you both get cold at night, you can use this. It has special powers...Although it those powers won't work with you two" Maribella walks over to the closet grabbing out an old looking blanket with a mischievous grin on her face.

"Oh? What kind of special powers, extra warmth? Super soft?" Billy asks, somewhat intrigued.

Steve swaps the dog for the blanket to get a better look at it before Billy grabs it out of his hands.

Maribella grins, holding the pooch to her chest.

"I call it the baby maker" she winks.

Billy looks down at the blanket, before quickly folding it, "Okay! well, we won't be needing this one!" he sputters, pushing it into Steve's hands.

"Yeah, I'm just gonna throw it over there, yep." Steve throws it on the bed just as Billy tells him not to.

Cindy looks at her son and his fiance with fondness in her eyes.

"Well, we better turn in. It's getting pretty late and it's been quite an evening. You both must be so tired. Goodnight everybody" she smiles and takes her leave.

Maribella, on the other hand, doesn't leave without making them both uncomfortable with her insinuations.

Honestly, how can an eighty-nine year old make the word 'Goodnight' sound so sexual!?

Once they are both alone, Steve is forced to sleep on the floor.

"This is stupid. Why do I have to sleep on the floor huh? Why aren't you the one doing it! This is my parent's house, that's like instant privileges for me" Steve complains, setting a blanket down on the floor, along with his pillow.

"Quit your whining, Harrington" Billy calls out from inside the bathroom.

Steve huffs, laying down on the hard, uncomfortable floor.

"So you haven't been home in a while, huh?" Billy calls out.

"That's probably because I haven't had a lot of vacation time these past three years and all" he snarks back.

"Yet again, quit your whining you big sook" Billy quips.

"Okay, don't look. I'm about to come out" Billy announces.

"Oh really? Well, congratulations Billy on coming out of the closest! I'm so proud" he jokes.

"Oh shut up" Billy gripes.

"Are your eyes closed?" he asks.

"Yes, my eyes are closed" Steve lies.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes I'm sure"

"Are you lying"

"No, I'm not. Their closed"

"Okay" and with that Billy quickly runs out of the bathroom over to the bed, Steve watching him the whole time from the floor.

Huffing out a laugh, Steve looks over at Billy who has covered himself with the blanket.

"That's what you bought to Alaska, for pyjamas" he snorts, having caught a glimpse of his boss only in tight black briefs, nothing else.

"Yes, this is what I bought to Alaska with me. Because I thought I was going to be staying in a nice little hotel, alone. Remember?" Billy retorts dryly.

"Look, why don't we just go to sleep, how's that sound for you" he breathes out, not wanting to get into it right now with Billy, throwing his hands up in defeat.

"Fine"

"Great"

"Yep"

"Billy!"

Billy huffs, climbing under the blankets after turning the lamp off.

Clearing his throat he leans back into the pillows but he can't even begin to try and sleep with the sun still beaming down on his face so he manoeuvres his head around trying to evade the sun, to no luck.

That doesn't work, so he shuffles some more, even moving further to the other side of the bed. But the sun is unrelenting and finds him every time.

"Well, looks like I won't be getting much sleep then it seems, what with this sun streaming in," he remarks, running a hand through his short hair.

"For crying out loud, Billy" Steve snaps, picking up the remote to shut the blinds, encasing the room in a shroud of darkness.

"Thank you" Billy clears his throat, to which Steve just hums, turning on his side.

This was going to be hell.

Complete and utter hell.

The following morning, Billy woke up to the sound of a phone ringing.

He pushes himself up from where his face was mushed into the pillows.

"Steve. The phone. Answer it" he whisper-shouts.

There's no response, so he tries again a little bit louder.

"Steve!"

Yet again, there's no sound.

Groaning, Billy sits up

"Crap. Steve the phone! Shit! Fucking shit-dick" he curses, looking everywhere for the stupid phone.

"Yeah. Right" Steve keeps his eyes closed ignoring the phone and Billy.

Billy continues to clang around trying to find the phone, knocking things over.

"Steve! Where is it!?"

"Bag. Left pocket on the side" Steve mumbles.

With a few more groans and banging and clanging, Billy finally picks up the phone.

"Hello. Hello? Hello" Billy calls into the phone.

"Uh! Dane! Yes, hello!" he breathes out in relief which quickly disappears when the phone starts to break up, distorting Eric's voice.

"Are you there!? Hello? Dane! Can you hear me? Hellooo"

Steve clenches his eyes shut in annoyance, trying to turn away from the sound while pulling the blanket over his head.

"I have horrible service down here! Oh crap. Let me quickly try and find somewhere better, Dane!" Billy shouts into the phone.

"Billy! Oh my god!" Steve shoves the blanket off, glaring at Billy.

"One minute! Give me one minute! Dane, just hold on for one second!" Billy whispers, jumping over the fallen luggage.

"No. No. No! Just hold on, Dane" Billy whispers into the phone, running to the door, leaving the room with the click of the door.

Steve lets out a frustrated groan, pulling the blanket back over his head.

Billy jogs down the stairs in just his briefs and a robe with the phone pressed up against his ear, trying to placate Dane.

"Dane. I'm sorry you feel like I've pressured you into doing Oprah, but..." he consoles, quickly walking through the lounge room, pulling his robe closed.

"Of course I want you to be comfortable, I apologise if it seems I haven't. Yes, yes. Dane, listen. It's going to be fine".

He quickly pulls on his boots once he's on the veranda before hurrying down the stairs onto the lawn.

"Dane, It's going to be fine. I can just call them and I can cancel it if that's what you want"

Unfortunately for Billy, he had made one mistake.

He forgot to shut the front door.

"Yes, Dane. You are completely right. Yes, of course, I'm listening to you. Yeah! I love listening to you." Billy's cuts off when he hears the sound of a bark.

Whipping around he curses under his breath.

That little shit of a dog got out.

The dog continues to yap at him, while he's trying to console Dane.

"Shh! Sit. Sit!" he hisses at the yapping demon.

"No! Not you, Dane. No, no" he laughs tightly as the dog keeps barking away at him.

"Dane, if I may get down to it, okay...I think it would be a mistake to back out. This is a big deal for you and great publicity. It can really do some good"

"Because, Dane, for so many years" he trails off, looking up when he hears the sound of a bird squawking above him.

His eyes widen when he spots the eagle in the tree, watching them with its beady eyes.

"You have inspired me with your beautiful words and I feel that-" he cuts off to shush the dog again.

"I think that It's time the world gets to enjoy your words and gives you the recognition you deserve, as they are so rich with passion and they should all be privy too-" His voice growing steadily in volume while eyeing the eagle that's now soaring above, and the dog at the same.

Eyes widening he watches on in horror as the eagle screeches and begins it's decent, heading straight for Icaro.

"Dane. I just uh, I just...I want you to be happy. Oh crap! Give me that dog!" He bellows, running after the eagle that now has Icaro in its grip trying to gain altitude.

"Dane, I just need you to hold on! Can you hold on for me please?" he

pleads, speeding up.

"Give me that stupid dog!" He yells and pegs his phone at the bird completely missing, but he thanks his lucky stars when the bird drops the dog and he's able to catch it in his arms before it hits the ground.

"Oh thank god! Oh my god!" He breathes out in relief, running to pick up his phone.

"Dane? You still there?" he asks, "I'm so sorry! I dropped the phone. Now, listen. I don't want to sell you on anything" he glances up at the sky to see the eagle turning around towards them.

He picks up his pace, speed walking in the other direction "This is your legacy, this book, and it's up to you to present your legacy to the world. Call me tomorrow with your decision. And my phone is on all this time, okay bye bye!"

The eagle is just behind him so he lifts his hand up with the phone, to protect his head from the bird's talons.

He curses when the bird rips the phone out of his hand, taking off high into the trees.

"No! Wait!" he pleads.

Glancing down at the dog, a desperate idea pops into his head.

"Take the doggy. Come on birdy, look at the dog! I need that phone. Just take the juicy delicious dog!" he demands, running after the bird, holding the dog up in the air trying to get the birds attention.

Cindy and Maribella are watching from the balcony, laughing together while they watch Billy play with Icaro.

"Look at this" Cindy chuckles with her mum.

"Is that cute or what?" Maribella laughs.

"I know" Cindy agrees, giggling at the scene.

Steve walks downstairs to find both his mother and gammy laughing

at something so he heads over to see what's going on.

"Morning guys. Have you seen... Oh my god" he trails off, watching Billy run around outside with his mother's dog.

"Yeah, he's playing with Icaro. I thought he didn't like him. Guess I was wrong, huh?" Cindy explains.

Maribella looks up at her grandson, "Will you go get him, Steve. We have a whole day planned for him, and he needs to get ready".

Steve sucks his bottom lip and starts to head down the stairs.

"Yeah. Tell him we have a big surprise for him!" Cindy calls out, at her sons retreating back.

"What the hell are you doing?" he sighs, closing his eyes briefly once he's a few feet away from Billy.

Billy swings around to look at Steve in despair.

"Oh my god! Your grandmother was completely right, Steve! The Eagle came and swooped right down and tried to take the stupid dog" he pants, gesturing wildly.

"But then I saved him. The eagle came back and took my phone!" he whines, throwing his head back in defeat.

Steve sucks his teeth, stopping in front of Billy.

"Are you drunk? High?" he asks, looking Billy up and down.

"What? No! I'm serious, Steve! He's got my phone, and Dane's calling me on that phone!" Billy huffs indignantly.

"Relax, all right. We'll order another phone, same number. We can go into town tomorrow and get it, alright?"

"Really?" Billy pauses, looking at Steve.

"Yeah, Billy. Really" Steve nods, exasperated.

"Oh, ok. Alright. Well, here you go then. How is that even a dog

anyway? It's tiny and stupid" Billy puts the dog on the ground.

"You have to go get ready" Steve informs, briefly watching Icaro scurry into the house.

"For what?" Billy scrunches his face up.

"You're going out with mum and the girls today" Steve smirks.

Billy shakes his head looking at Steve, "I don't want to go out, so no thanks, but I'm good".

"Shopping, sightseeing and a big surprise" Steve continues, loving the fact that he gets to stay home, while Billy gets dragged off to do who knows what.

"I hate shopping"

"You'll love it"

"I hate sightseeing! Oh wow look over there, It's trees and a lake and holy shit Steve! More trees!"

"You're going" he states, raising his eyebrows at Billy, sternly.

"No! I don't want to go" Billy moans, shaking his head.

"You're going"

"I'm not going. I'm not going" he argues.

"Yes. You are. Now give me a nice big hug. We don't want them to think the lovebirds are fighting, do we Billykins?" Steve beams, grabbing Billy's arm.

"I don't want to touch you. You're gross" Billy sooks, pulling away.

"Come on, hug time!" Steve pulls Billy in by the robe as Billy keeps complaining.

"Oh, there we go" he taunts, hugging Billy tightly.

"Yeah that's nice" he comments, rubbing Billy's back who hums in

annoyance.

"There we go, isn't that nice?" smirking to himself, he moves his hand down and rubs Billy's butt, before patting it.

"Boop. Boop, Boop" he snickers, continuing to pat his butt.

Billy glares over Steve's shoulder at a tree.

"If you touch my ass, one more time. I will cut your balls off in your sleep and stuff them down your throat. Ok?" he mutters in Steve's ear.

Blanching, Steve stops and pulls away from Billy.

"Alright, so we clear on that?" Billy clarifies once they are apart, looking at Steve.

"Yeah. Crystal" Steve nods, pursing his lips.

Grinning Billy chuckles, patting Steve's cheek tauntingly.

"Yeah. Such a good fiance" he coos, slapping Steve on the face, before sauntering off.

"Ow," Steve grunts, rubbing his cheek absentmindedly, watching Billy swagger inside.

Billy 1 - Steve 0